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Has Received a Full and Complete Stock of
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Comprising a very select assortment of all the Latest Styles of goods in the market, which he will make up at the Lowest Available Prices. Business Suitings in Checks and Plaids until you can't rest. Very Handsome Pantings in Large Variety. Fine Imported French and English Goods for Fine Dress Suits. All Shaded Styles of Spring Overcoatings, and at Prices to suit the times.

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KEEP A LARGE STOCK OF

Drugs and Medicines.

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Toilet Articles, Brushes.

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Will always compare favorably with those of our competitors, while the Large Assortment of goods give our patrons a better opportunity of making satisfactory selections.

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This shop is one of the best in Northern Michigan. We are prepared to do all work in this line with dispatch. Heavy work, such as

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Frames made to order. Looking Glasses in endless variety. Ornaments and Chromos. I will Sell—Get my Prices. A full line of

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Funerals attended promptly, with Hearse and Carriages.

J. H. TUTTLE.

Corner Main and Third Streets, Cheboygan, Mich.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR ARRESTED.

A Joke Started by the President Turned on Himself by the Members of His Cabinet. From the San Francisco.

Now that the majesty that doth hedge an Executive is being dissipated in Mr. Arthur's case by his retirement, his ex-cabinet is beginning to let out a good many little incidents of the reign of one who will deservedly go down in history under the sobriquet of "The Jolly President." For illustration, one of his constitutional advisers, in a recent letter to an old crony in this city, says:

"Did I ever tell you of the fun we had during the visit of the Presidential party to Florida summer before last? You must know that, besides being a confirmed practical joker, Chet is quite an adept at certain sleight-of-hand tricks, a proficiency in which he has kept up from boyhood. He flatters himself he can remove a handkerchief or watch from a pocket with as much adroitness as a professional 'nipper.' He has perpetrated many a queer joke in this way, the exalted position of the perpetrator naturally protecting him from suspicion. While at Jacksonville, the 'White House gang' determined to attend a monster darky camp-meeting about ten miles back in the country, and, to avoid the eternal 'reception' nuisance, we went incog. When we left the train, and were awaiting for conveyance at a small tavern, Chet noticed a fat planter dozing in the barroom, and displaying a preposterous bunch of seals on his fob-chain. Arthur watched his chance, snaked out the man's watch, and hid it in the saddlebags of another traveler that was hanging on the wall. Now, Bill Chandler had been waiting for a chance to get back on Arthur for several days, so he in turn collared the planter's property and slipped it into the breast pocket of

CHET'S BIG DUSTER. Then he quietly led each member of the party aside and let them into the conspiracy, to their great delight. When the vehicles returned from the camping ground, Arthur was immediately collared by the planter, who savagely demanded his property.

"What do you mean, fellow?" said the President, trying not to laugh, and winking at his staff—all of which, however, remained suspiciously indifferent. "Oh, you can't come any funny business with me. One of these gentlemen saw you steal my watch and put it in your pocket. Here, constable, I want this man searched!"

"Very well, then, search me," said our first citizen, almost exploding with laughter.

"I thought so," said the constable, and to Chet's petrification he fished out the watch from the first pocket he dived into. "I'll just slam you into the calaboose, my fine fellow!"

"You will, eh?" said the President with a chuckle. "Here Mr. Frelinghuysen, just tell this man who I am."

"Did you speak to me, my good man?" said the Secretary of State, innocently.

"Yes, yes. Hurry up and explain this thing," said Arthur, as the constable began taking out a pair of handcuffs.

"Explain what? I don't know you, sir," and the State Department walked off.

"Great Scott!" stammered Arthur. "Say—you there—Chandler! What does all this mean? Tell these people who I am—quick!"

"If you are addressing me," said the Secretary of the Navy, putting on his glasses and taking

A BENEVOLENT SURVEY of the prisoner, "my name is not Chandler, and I never saw you before."

"Great heavens!—this is outrageous!" screamed Arthur, fighting desperately with the constable. "I tell you I am the President!"

"The most impudent rascal I ever saw!" said Folger.

"Hard looking face," chirped in Bob Lincoln.

"Don't be rough with the old man," said Teller, kindly. "Perhaps he's a little gone in the —. What are you President of, my good fellow?"

"I'm President of the United States, as you'll pretty soon find out," gasped the prisoner, furiously.

"Tut, tut, tut!" murmured Chandler, pityingly. "Clean gone—clean gone? Intelligent-looking man, too. Escaped from some asylum, likely."

"And, to his unspeakable horror, Arthur was loaded into a wagon and carted off to the county house, where he was kept almost an hour, until, in solemn caucus, the cabinet voted for his release."

To Chet's credit, however, be it said, that although he was extricated in a white rage and vowing to smash the entire household state, he cooled down before we reached Jacksonville, and concluded to "set 'em up" for the crowd in true White House style. But the joke business had a rest after that."

ROMANTIC LIFE OF CAPTAIN PELLETIER.

Given up for Dead, His Wife Marries Again—His Many Enterprises.

In an undertaker's shop, at No. 60 Carmine st., lies the embalmed body of Captain Antonio Pelletier, who died at the Astor House on Sunday night, age sixty-six, of pneumonia. Born in France he early took to the sea, and finally settled in the United States in 1852, and becoming a naturalized citizen, acquired property in various parts of the country, and became interested in manufacturing in Troy. He was also a member of the firm of Dulaun, Rice & Co., of New Orleans. He purchased in 1860, for account of the firm, the bark William, a slaver, that had been condemned at Key West. He took the vessel to Mobile, where she was loaded with lumber, and sailed under his command for Carthage, arriving in November, during the progress of a revolution. After the sale of a part of his cargo he set sail for Rio Macho, having on board as passengers a colored political refugee named Binar and Juan Cortez, his wife, child and servant, and also a quantity of merchandise belonging ostensibly to Cortez.

The vessel being driven out of her course, she was put into port at Grand Caymen, on December 17, at the request of Cortez, who left the bark after selling his merchandise to Captain Pelletier for \$100. The vessel then sailed to Port-au-Prince and began to unload her cargo. The crew became drunk and mutinous and Binar, the refugee, demanded money from Captain Pelletier to pay his passage to the Spanish Main. His request being refused, he denounced the captain as a pirate to the authorities. The officer was lodged in jail and a man named Cano, from Carthage, having laid claim to the goods, the commander, after the mockery of a trial, was sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to five years' imprisonment, three of which he served, subjected to great indignities and cruelties. He was shackled and chained to an iron bar in a dungeon without air or light and reeking with filth and vermin. At one time he was tied to a tree, and soldiers were stationed in front of him with loaded muskets. At another time a convict condemned to death was confined in his cell, and Pelletier was warned by a Catholic priest not to eat soup on a certain day. He heeded the advice, but his cell mate greedily disposed of the soup and died in three hours from the poison. Louis Legallin, a boy from the bark, who refused to testify against his captain, was dragged through the streets by the mob and had his brains crushed out.

In the meantime it had been reported in the United States that the captain had been duly executed, and his wife and mother of his three children, after an interval of a year, was married again. This union Captain Pelletier suffered to remain undisturbed upon his return to this country after being liberated through the assistance of the French and English Ministers, who landed 500 marines and sailors and demanded his release on November 11, 1863. On his arrival in Washington, Captain Pelletier laid his case before Secretary Seward and Congress, and Justice William Strong was chosen as arbitrator in the claim for \$2,500,000 damages against the Haytian Government, and after dragging along for over seventeen years A. A. Jackson, of Washington, has brought the suit to a decision which is expected this week. Captain Pelletier's enterprising and energetic nature led him all over North and South America in search of fields for the promotion of his patent devices, including a composite pavement of which the sidewalk around the Post Office is composed. He ran the telegraph lines on the Isthmus of Panama. In Spain he was on terms of social intimacy with Queen Christina and General Flores, and in addition to assisting General Garibaldi in his candle-making enterprise on Staten Island he gave him \$5,000 when he returned to Italy.

In personal appearance Captain Pelletier was of medium height of dark complexion and robust frame. He was exceptionally generous with his money. At the Astor House, where he had made his home when in this city for thirty years, there are many expressions of regret at his death. During the last two months he was engaged with Captain-General Revueltas, of the Mexican Army, now in this city, in projecting plans for the improvement of Mexico. His body awaits the disposition of his children. He leaves in addition to his wife, whose second husband is still living, two sons, one of whom lives in Havana, and the other in Arizona, and a daughter, Sister M. Ignatius of the Order of Mercy at Yankton, Dakota.—New York Tribune.

War Issues.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

A "war issue" as it is made a part of the Republican policy, seems to be anything the Democrats do not like, anything that is not Bourbon. According to the Democrats the protection of sheep's wool is just as much a "war issue" as the protection of negro wool. A tax on Kentucky whisky, the revenue raids on the Georgia and Tennessee "moonshiners" are, in the Democratic manual of terms, "war issues" of the most odious description. The declaration of the Republican principle that a qualified citizen shall be allowed to vote, and that his vote shall be counted as cast, is a "war issue" of the utmost flagrancy. The Republican theory that the faithfully competent in office shall be rewarded by continuance in office is, to the sensitive Democracy, the veritable blood and thunder of "war issues." And when it comes to a criticism of the propriety of draping the official flags of the United States Government to mourn the death of an unrepentant traitor to the safety and unity of his country, the Democracy purples with rage in denouncing the "war issue" remonstrance.

The Democracy impedes the establishment of schools in the South for the education of the colored race because such institutions are "war issues." The Democracy opposes the prosecution of a white man who interferes with the liberties and rights of the negro because those liberties and rights are "war issues." The Democracy resents the protection planks of every description in Republican platform because they are each and severally "war issues," whether they are designed to shield the farmer from monopolies, the domestic producer from foreign competition, or the negro from the shotgun or social ostracism. In short, everything progressive is a "war issue" in the lexicon of Democracy, even the progression that enables a Democratic President to understand that the South is not necessarily the center of the government nor the heart of the Nation. That only is not a "war issue" which recognizes the divine right of the Democracy to rule unquestioned and unopposed. It is a rank "war issue" to mention that this is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; but the most intolerable, devilish, and offensive of all "war issues" is the Democracy itself.

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Was the name formerly given to Scrofula

because of a superstition that it could be

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SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification

of the blood. If this is neglected,

the disease perpetuates its taint through

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